

RED INDIANS



T. NELSON & SONS



RED INDIANS

BY

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THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

LONDON, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN, AND NEW YORK

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I. The Story of the "Noble Redskin."

Virtues and vices—Why called Indian—Appearance—Manners and customs—Clans and tribes—An Indian village—On the warpath—Winter and summer games—Coureurs de bois—The decline and fall of the Red-man.

THE "noble Redskin" has ever been the unchallenged favourite of youth. The best-thumbed volumes on the book-shelves of boys, and even of girls, are those which deal with the conflicts of Red-man and Pale-face. I suppose there are no savages so well known to British boys and girls as the American Indians. So familiar are they that some of their phrases have actually passed into our language. We all talk about "using the tomahawk," "holding a palaver," "going on the warpath," "taking an enemy's scalp," or "running the gauntlet." The Red Indian has had his day, and has almost ceased to be, yet he cannot die. He remains fixed for ever as one of the great figures of romance in the literature of the young.

The "noble Redskin" has won the heart of every boy by his skill in warfare, his contempt for pain and death, his gifts of woodcraft, and his prowess as a hunter. Brave and hardy as the Indian certainly was, he had, nevertheless, many of the vices which usually belong to the cowardly and the mean. He was deceitful, revengeful, and most cruel. Much as he loved war—and war was his chief occupation—he never fought fair. He took no risks if he could possibly avoid them. To his mind it was madness to take the scalp of an enemy if there was a chance of losing his own. He preferred to waylay his enemy in an ambush, to shoot him with an arrow from behind a tree, or to fell him from behind with a stealthy blow of the tomahawk. The Indian was in his element if he could suddenly burst on his sleeping victims in the dead of night, and slay them as they lay defenceless. He never fought in the open when he could possibly help it. Craft and subtlety, artifice and snare, trick and manœuvre, were his choicest weapons.

Perhaps you wonder why these natives of America were called Indians. India is a great country in the Eastern Hemisphere; America forms the twin continents of the Western Hemisphere. How did the "noble Redskin" come to be called by a name which rightly belongs to people who live half the world away? Well, it was

all a mistake, and the man who made the mistake was Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World. Columbus made his great voyage across the Atlantic for the purpose of reaching India by a sea road. He knew that the world was a sphere, but he believed it to be much smaller than it really is. He also thought that Asia stretched much farther to the east than it really does. One day as he gazed at his globe he asked himself these questions: "Why try to get to India and China by rounding Africa? If the earth is a sphere, why not strike boldly to the west and sail on until Asia is reached?" Of course he did not know that America was in the way. He quite expected that after sailing two or three thousand miles to the westward he would reach Asia and disembark on the coast of India.

You know that he discovered the islands which stand like stepping-stones between North America and South America. These islands he took to be outlying parts of India. Naturally he called the natives Indians, and that is how they came by their name. Later explorers, however, corrected Columbus's error. Some sailed north and some south of the places discovered by him, and gradually they learned that they had reached, not India, nor indeed any part of Asia, but a "New World" altogether. Nevertheless, the name Indian still stuck to the native of America.

In this little book I want to tell you as much as I can about Indians. I think the best way will be to relate the story of Daniel Boone, one of the greatest Indian fighters who ever lived. For fifty years he was engaged in border warfare with the Indians, and what he did not know about them is not worth knowing. He was equally great as a hunter and as an explorer; he had few equals as a marksman, and his life was full to the brim of adventures. I am sure you will enjoy the story, but before I tell it let me give you some general ideas about Indians and their ways.

In appearance the Red-men were splendid fellows. They were tall, straight, lithe in body, with skin of a dusky copper colour, jet-black eyes, and straight black hair, which they wore long. They daubed and streaked their faces and bodies with paint, just as the ancient Britons did, and for the same purpose too—namely, to frighten their enemies. In full costume the Indian wore a feather head-dress, a beaded necklace and belt, and shoes of soft leather called moccasins. In winter he wore clothing made from the skins of fur-bearing animals and the hides of buffalo and deer; in summer he went almost naked.

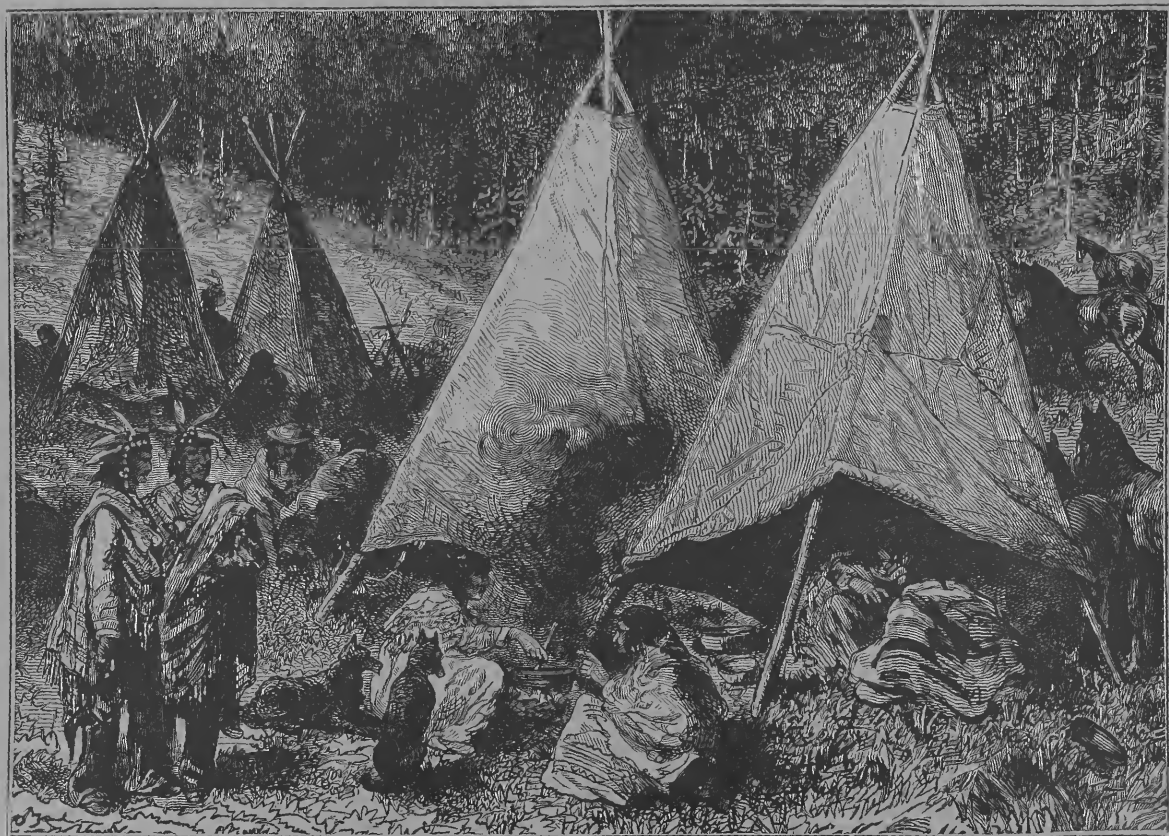
You must not suppose that the Indians were one nation as we are to-day. United nations are only built up in the course of ages by men who every day grow



more and more civilized. Savages rarely, if ever, form nations. They hardly ever get beyond the tribal stage. Each tribe is independent, and frequently it is at war with other tribes. Sometimes the tribes unite to carry on a special war, but when the war is over they break up into tribes once more. So it was with the Indians.

Those who have studied them carefully tell us that the Indians can be divided into three great groups—the Muskhogees, who lived south of the Tennessee River; the Iroquois, who occupied the country from the Delaware and the Hudson to and beyond the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie; and the Algonquins, who lived in the rest of what is now the United States and the larger part of Canada. Each of these three groups consisted of many tribes. The most famous group was that of the Iroquois, the chief tribes of which united together and were known as the Five Nations.

All the tribes varied in appearance and had their own special customs, but in most things they were pretty much alike. In manner they were grave and calm, and were quite unmoved either by joy or by sorrow. In their meetings they behaved with great dignity; in war they suffered the cruellest torture without moving a muscle. They were trained from childhood to show no sign of passion or feeling. Whatever might happen they were always calm, grave, and unruffled.



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT (SIOUX).

How many Indians there were in North America we do not know, but we do know that much of the country was dotted with their villages. Each of these villages was the home of a tribe. How strange it must have been for the early settlers, following up a forest path or "trail," to come suddenly upon one of these villages, like an island in the green sea of the woods! They were simply built, for the Indians were constantly moving from place to place. The villages sometimes covered several acres in extent, and were surrounded by stockades of two and even three rows of posts. The stockade was pierced with loopholes and provided with platforms on which piles of stones were collected as ammunition to hurl against attacking foes.

Sometimes the houses were "wigwams" or pointed tents, made by driving poles into the ground in the form of a circle, drawing the tops near together, and then covering them with bark or skins. Sometimes the dwellings were rude houses of wood, with the sides and roofs covered with layers of elm bark. These "long houses" were about fifteen or twenty feet wide and sometimes as much as a hundred feet long. At each end was a door. Along each side were ten or twelve stalls, in each of which lived a family. Sometimes a "long house" held twenty or more families. Down the middle, at regular intervals, were fire pits at which the cooking

was done. The smoke escaped through holes in the roof.

All the families living together in such a house were relatives, or had been adopted as relatives, and formed a clan. A visitor who knew the Indians well would be easily able to tell to what "clan" a village belonged by noticing the rough pictures of animals painted on the walls or on the wigwams. The Indians, like the Boy Scouts of the present day, adopted as their crest some animal such as the wolf, the bear, or the turtle. This was their "totem."

Each tribe had its own magistrate or "sachem," as he was called, and its own war chiefs. All the food and all the property, except weapons and ornaments, belonged to the clan as a whole. A number of such clans formed a tribe, which had one language, and was governed by a council of sachems.

What would you see if you visited an Indian village of the old days? You would notice the women or "squaws" busy planting Indian corn or cooking; the little girls making moccasins or other articles, ornamenting belts with beads, or lighting fires with flint and steel. You would see the little babies lying on the ground, or hanging in the trees, each of them tied tightly in a queer little bark cradle. If the baby should so far forget itself as to cry, nobody would take the slightest



notice, and as a consequence it soon got over the habit. You would see the boys wrestling, playing games, or practising with bows and arrows. The squaws, you would notice, did all the hard work both in the household and in the field. The men considered such work entirely beneath their dignity. You would see the "braves" sitting in silent groups smoking their gaily-ornamented pipes. Their occupations were hunting and playing games. The greatest game of all was war.

The Indians were nearly always at war, either among themselves or as the allies of the French or English settlers. The importance of a tribe was reckoned by the number of braves or fighting-men which it could send on a "war-party." War was declared in a council where the fighting-men of a tribe sat cross-legged round the camp-fire, smoking and discussing the question at great length. Then followed a war-dance by braves decked out in all their finery, and specially painted for the occasion. At last, seizing their bows and tomahawks, the whole party would move off in "single file," treading so softly and cautiously that not a twig cracked beneath their feet. Thus they would make their way, usually by night, to the camp of the enemy.

As I have already told you, their fighting consisted chiefly of ambushes and surprises. Often the occupants of a sleeping camp would be awakened by a hideous

whoop to find the roofs of their houses blazing, and themselves surrounded by a murderous foe. Some would fall before the tomahawk; some would be captured and reserved for torture of the most hideous kind. Every Indian who slew a man cut off his "scalp" and added it proudly to the row already hanging at his belt. Then with prisoners and booty the war-party would return to its village in triumph, and the squaws would gather round to hear the braves boasting of the heroic part which they had played in the cruel and often cowardly fray.

The Indians were specially skilful in this sort of warfare because of their forest life. They were splendid trackers. They could follow up a trail invisible to the eyes of most white men, and they could imitate the bark of a wolf, the hoot of an owl, or the call of a moose so as to deceive even the creatures themselves. With cat-like tread they could glide over beds of autumn leaves to the side of a grazing deer, and strike it a deadly blow before it was aware of danger. They were specially clever at "taking cover." They could make themselves invisible behind tree-trunks or in clumps of brushwood, and a white man might pass through a war-party without seeing a trace of his lurking foes. By signs and signals and by picture-writing they could convey news to one another very rapidly and secretly.

Games were very popular among the Indians. Foot-

racers and wrestling matches made the young bloods strong, nimble, and fleet. Lacrosse, their national sport, which we have adopted in this country, and at which the Canadians excel, was the chief pastime in the summer. During winter they had famous ball matches on the ice. In summer they used to travel on water in their graceful and speedy birch-bark canoes, which were so suitable for the purpose that they are still used on American and especially on Canadian rivers. Some of these canoes were large enough to carry ten or twelve men. In winter, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, they travelled from place to place on snow-shoes made of strips of hide stretched over a wooden frame. On these they could travel very rapidly, and even run down deer.

A great pastime of the Indians, for men and women alike, was smoking, and Europeans learnt the habit from them. Over the council fires the affairs of the village or the tribe were settled amidst clouds of tobacco smoke. No warfare was planned and no alliances were concluded unless the pipe of war or peace passed from hand to hand.

The Indian languages (for there were many among the various tribes) were very musical, as may be noticed from the native names of places in America. Thus, Mississippi means "The father of waters," and Niagara, "The thunder of waters;" while they called the west

“The land of the setting sun.” The Red-men were a very poetical people, and their speech was full of imagination and fancy.

The French won the friendship of the Indians to a far greater degree than the English. The great French governor, Champlain, used to spend much time in the Indian lodges, and even go on the warpath with his hosts. He did this to win them over to the side of France, so that they might be his allies against the English. No pains were spared to make the Indians look on the French as their brothers and friends. They were petted and flattered and treated with great respect, and many Frenchmen married Indian wives. Their sons grew up to be far more Indian than French. They lived in wigwams, wore the Indian dress, stuck eagle feathers in their long hair, and painted their faces with vermilion, ochre, and soot. These *coureurs de bois*, as they were called, made a living by guiding the canoes of the fur-traders along the rivers and lakes of the interior. Sometimes they were traders themselves, and they sold French guns, French hatchets, beads, cloth, and brandy to the tribes. By means of these *coureurs de bois* and the priests who followed in their train, the French obtained a great hold over the Indians.

The English, on the other hand, were never very friendly with the Indians. They had come to the New



World to make homes for themselves, and the Indians of the neighbourhood were generally regarded as a nuisance to be driven as far afield as possible. Generally speaking, the English settlers scorned the Indians, and earned their hatred in return.

The story of the Indians since the arrival of the Europeans in America is a sad one. Of course, the Indians grew angry with those who took away their hunting-grounds and planted fields where the forests had stood. They often descended upon the settlers with tomahawk and scalping-knife, and left dead men, women, and children and smoking ruins to tell the tale.

Gradually, however, the Indians were pushed back farther and farther to the west. They were destroyed in war or ruined by "fire-water." Those who now remain live on lands specially reserved for them. Some of the tribes have adopted European dress, and live in houses, cultivate the land, and support schools. The free spirit of the woods and the love of the chase seem, however, to be ingrained in them, and they do not easily adapt themselves to a farming life.

So much for general ideas of Indian life and Indian ways. In the next and succeeding chapters you shall hear the story of a famous backwoodsman who has been a loved and picturesque hero to American boys and girls for more than three-quarters of a century.

2. The Making of a Pioneer.

A Quaker family—Off to Philadelphia—A child of the woods—Nature's school and its teaching—The Alleghanies—In the Yadkin Valley—A hunter's life—Wagoner with Braddock—Daniel marries.

Our story takes us back to the beginning of the eighteenth century. At this time the English settlers in what is now Pennsylvania were shut in between the mountains known as the Alleghanies and the sea. Beyond the mountains were fertile plains, broad rivers, noble forests, and teeming mineral treasures. But these were almost unknown, though they form the real America of the white man to-day. The mountains themselves were densely wooded; they were difficult to cross; Indian tribes lurked in the forests, and only the hardiest of frontiersmen dared to penetrate them. We are now going to read the story of the man who, taking his life in his hand, crossed the mountains and opened up the fair rich country beyond to the settlement of Europeans.

The name of this hero is Daniel Boone. His grandfather, who was named George, was a Devonshire man, an inhabitant of the peaceful little hamlet of Stoak, near

Exeter. He was a weaver and a Quaker. Nine children were born to him, and the three with whom we have specially to deal were named Sarah, George, and Squire. Old George Boone and his wife were hard-working, quiet-living folk, who greatly desired to do their best for their numerous offspring. As Quakers they were very harshly treated, and they longed for a land where they might worship God in their own way without being persecuted. From their fellow Quakers they heard of a certain William Penn who had crossed the Atlantic, and in the New World had founded a country where land was cheap and plentiful, where all men had equal rights, and where nobody suffered because of his religion. This was the country which they had long desired. They were anxious to emigrate, but before doing so, they thought it best to send some of their children to spy out the land.

Accordingly, in the year 1712 or thereabouts, the Boone family gathered to bid a sorrowful but brave farewell to young George, Sarah, and Squire, who were about to sail to the Promised Land. All went well with the emigrants; they found the new land all that they desired, and after a time young George was sent home to bring out the rest of the family. On the 10th of August 1717 the Boones, parents and children, landed in Philadelphia, after a long and stormy voyage across the Atlantic.

Philadelphia was then only a little wooden village, but it was homely and neat. Not far away, beyond the outlying fields, lay the wild, untamed forest where the Indians plied their trade as hunters and trappers. You can imagine the keen interest which these Redskins aroused amongst the Boones when first they saw them in the streets of Philadelphia.

Squire Boone settled down near a little hamlet on the frontier, and at once became a backwoodsman. He married Sarah Morgan, a Welshwoman, and, thanks to his industry and thrift, he gradually prospered until we hear of him in the year 1731 as the owner of two hundred and fifty acres of land and a log hut. In this log hut, three years later, his son, the famous Daniel Boone, was born.

Daniel was a child of the woods from his earliest years. His father had an excellent grazing ground some five or six miles north of the homestead, and each season he was accustomed to send his stock thither. Mrs. Boone and little Daniel used to go with the cows and live in a lonely hut, keeping watch and ward over the cattle, from early spring until late autumn. The mother made butter and cheese while the boy kept an eye on the herd. He led them to the pasture in the morning, drove them home at sunset for the milking, and then locked them in their pens, secure against wild animals or cattle thieves.



You can easily understand that young Daniel had plenty of leisure during the long summer days. Had you seen him at this time, you would have noticed him amusing himself by hurling a toy spear which he had made out of a sapling. So expert did he become in the use of this weapon that before long he could easily kill birds and other small game with it. When twelve years of age he had the first great joy of his life—his father gave him a rifle. Can't you imagine the pride of the boy as he marched after the cows with the weapon on his shoulder? Before long he was a deadly shot. There was always fresh meat in the larder—the spoil of his gun. He began to taste the joys of a hunter's life, which soon obtained a great hold upon him. Herding was a poor business compared with stalking deer in the forest.

During the winters the boy was free to follow his favourite pursuit. Farm work was at a standstill, and his rifle brought in money. Far and wide he roamed, killing and curing game for the family. The skins he sold in Philadelphia, and with the money bought the articles necessary for a hunter's outfit—a long hunting-knife, flints, lead and powder for his gun.

There was no school for Daniel to attend, even if he had wished to do so. His school was the forest, where a boy can read wondrous things in nature's open book if he only keeps his eyes and ears open. Daniel soon became

an apt scholar in the ways of the wilderness. He could foretell storms and prophesy floods; he knew all the trees of the wood by sight, the habits of the wild animals, and the ways of the Indians. He could take care of himself in the solitudes, build his fire, and prepare and cook his food. Nothing pleased him better than to couch by night on a bed of leaves, the tall trees gently waving their arms above him, and the stars blinking at him through the branches. Still, he was not without some book-learning. His mother taught him the "three R's," and in later life he used this knowledge to teach himself surveying, and to make notes of his work and write letters. Unfortunately for his readers he never learnt to spell.

Squire Boone was a very active, enterprising man. He had already set up looms and done much weaving; now he turned his hand to the blacksmith's trade. In his father's smithy Daniel learnt to work in iron, especially to make and mend traps and guns. He also learnt to ride, and there was not a more fearless horseman in the country. But best of all, he loved long solitary tramps in the forest. Often he climbed to some hilltop and looked west on the far-reaching wilderness which he was one day to penetrate as the pioneer of white settlement.

I told you that the lofty barrier of the Alleghanies prevented the people of Pennsylvania from pushing westward in search of richer lands and better homes. These

mountains run in parallel ranges from north-east to south-west for several hundred miles. Between the ranges towards the south there are several valleys penetrating the mountains, and through these valleys, between the years 1732 and 1750, many Pennsylvanians made their way to the richer lands of the interior. Life in these outlying stations was rough and hard, but it well repaid those who had the courage to try it.

One valley, the Yadkin Valley, five hundred miles to the south-west, became very famous, and Squire Boone determined to try his fortune in it. He and a number of his kinsmen sold off their land, stowed away their wives and children in canvas-covered wagons, and driving their cattle before them, slowly journeyed to the far-famed valley. It was a long, long journey, and many months passed before they reached their destination. By day they marched; at nightfall they halted, pitched their camp beside a stream, gathered the cattle within the circle of the wagons, and posted their sentinels before lying down to sleep. Daniel was the hunter of the party, and his keen eyes were always on the lookout for "Injins."

Daniel was now eighteen. He disliked a farmer's life, and could not be persuaded to settle down. Hunting was his occupation and delight. There was plenty of game—deer, bears, wild turkeys, beavers, and so forth.

As for wolves and "painters," the country was overrun with them. Daniel's rifle cracked a score times a day, and every shot found its billet. He sold his skins at the nearest market town for good prices, and was no burden on his parents or relatives.

When war broke out between France and England on the American continent, Daniel joined General Braddock as wagoner and blacksmith. On one occasion the baggage train to which he belonged was fiercely attacked by Indians under the leadership of French officers. Several of the drivers were killed, but Daniel managed to cut the traces of his team, mount one of the horses, and escape. In the following spring he married a pretty girl, the daughter of a pioneer living in the Yadkin Valley.

Perhaps you would like to know what kind of man Daniel Boone was at twenty-one. He was firm and energetic in character, five feet eight inches in height, with a broad chest and shoulders. His hair was rather black, his eyebrows yellowish, and his eyes bright, keen, and blue. We are told also that his lips were thin, his mouth very wide, his countenance fair and ruddy, and his nose of the Roman order. His wife was "very fair to look upon," with jet black hair and eyes, pleasing in manner, and gentle, loving, and kind.

Daniel had now to settle down. The wandering life



of the forest had to be suspended. He bought a piece of land a few miles north of his father's, and built a log hut for himself and his bride. Except when driven out of this humble dwelling by the excursions and alarms of Indians, he occupied it for many years. During this period his life was uneventful. The time, however, was drawing near when every day would have its adventure, every hour its peril.

Here is another pen-picture of Daniel at this time. He was dressed in a long hunting shirt of dressed deer-skin, with breeches and leggings of the same material. On his feet were moccasins of deerskin—soft and pliant, but cold in winter, even when stuffed with deer's hair or dry leaves. Hanging from his belt were his powder horn, bullet pouch, scalping knife, and tomahawk. The breast of his shirt served him as a pocket for food when he was upon the trail. Most of his hunter friends wore a soft cap of coonskin, with the bushy tail dangling behind ; but Daniel despised this headgear, and always wore a hat.

Let us peep into his log hut for a moment. It was a simple box of logs, the chinks stuffed with moss and clay. There was but one room below, but there was a low attic above, reached by a ladder. Outside the hut there was a big chimney, and inside was a fireplace large enough to accommodate logs five or six feet in length.

Over the fire there was a crane, from which hung the iron pot in which his young wife cooked their simple meals.

Such was Daniel Boone, and such were the surroundings of the man who was soon to win undying fame for himself in Indian warfare.

3. White Man against Red.

A frontier fort—An alarm at midnight—Daniel Boone's adventures in the forest—The end of Stuart—Tricking the Indians—An emigrant train—Boonesborough founded.

As the number of settlers increased, the Indians found themselves shut out of their hunting grounds. Mutterings, loud and deep, were heard from them, and stirred up by the French they now began to make fierce raids upon the frontier homesteads. In almost every district a fort was erected as a shelter and defence against Indian attacks.

Such a fort was usually an oblong space, some forty by fifty feet in area, girt round with walls formed by a double row of logs. Outside a ditch was dug, and the earth was piled up against the log-walls to strengthen them. The tops of the logs were sharpened to make them difficult to climb, and at the four corners there were blockhouses three stories high, so that the occupants could fire down on the besiegers. Inside the walls of the fort were cabins, the roofs of which served as a platform for the garrison. The gates were massive, and every-

where there were portholes. Some of the forts could accommodate a hundred riflemen.

The Indians were constantly on the warpath, and scouts were told off to watch their movements. Frequently it happened that messengers from the fort would rush breathlessly at dead of night to each of the huts in the valley and tap softly on the door or back window. The adults within waked at the slightest sound, and at the whisper of the dreaded word "Injins," were at once in motion.

"My father," says one who remembered those days well, "seized his gun. My mother waked up and dressed the children; and, being myself the oldest of them, I had to take my share of the burthens to be carried to the fort. There was no chance of getting a horse in the night to aid us, so besides the little children we caught up what articles of clothing and provisions we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or even stir a fire. All this was done with the utmost dispatch and the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to waken the youngest child; to the rest it was enough to say *Indian*, and not a whimper was heard afterwards. Thus it often happened that all the families in the district were in their little fortress before the dawn of the next morning."

The Indians in Daniel's district were Cherokees, who

were good fighters and made constant raids on the settlers. On one occasion they laid siege to a fort for several months. Had not the Indian wives of the settlers within managed to smuggle in food, the fort would have had to yield ere the first month was over. As it was, provisions grew so scarce and relief was so long in coming that the garrison surrendered, under a promise of safe-conduct. The men, women, and children marched out to the number of several hundreds, and began their long journey to the east. The very next day they were attacked by Cherokees, and many were killed outright, while others were reserved for torture. Only after weeks of suffering did the survivors manage to reach a place of safety. It is said that several of the Indians were friendly, and that they risked their lives to save the white folks from slaughter.

Daniel Boone had his share in all the troubles of this dangerous time, and when matters quieted down he determined to seek fresh woods and pastures new. In the year 1769 he, a man named John Finlay, his elder brother Squire, and several neighbours left the Yadkin Valley for the purpose of crossing the mountains into what is now Kentucky. Adventures soon came thick and fast.

Towards the evening of the 22nd of December, while Daniel and a comrade named Stuart were ascending a low hill near the Kentucky River they were suddenly

surrounded by a large party of Shawnees. Resistance was useless. The savages made the white men lead them to their camp, which they plundered of everything. Then Daniel and Stuart were released and ordered to go back because they were trespassing on Indian hunting grounds. Enraged at the loss of their goods, Daniel and his companion pretended to return, but as soon as they possessed themselves of guns and ammunition, started after the Indians who had robbed them. For two days they tracked them through the forest, and caught them up. Secreting themselves in the bushes until dark, they suddenly sprang out upon the Shawnees, and managed to regain four or five of the horses stolen from them. Off they galloped, but they in turn were overtaken and once more made prisoners. The Indians did not treat them unkindly, and one night in the darkness they managed to escape and return to their friends.

As you may imagine, the journey over the mountains was not rapid, nor was it continuous, for it was necessary for the party to hunt as well as to explore. We can trace Daniel's wanderings pretty well, for he had a trick of carving his name on trees associated with some of his adventures. On one trunk he carved these words: "D Boon cilled A BAR on this tree."

Elk, deer, buffalo, and other animals abounded in Kentucky, and Daniel was in his element. For six

months he and his friends led a most adventurous life. Then came the first of a series of disasters. Towards the close of February 1770 Stuart was missing, and Daniel set out to seek him. The next day he discovered the embers of a fire which Stuart had, no doubt, built, but no other trace of the missing man could he find. Five years later Daniel came across the remains of his comrade in a hollow sycamore tree. He only recognized them by finding Stuart's name cut on a powder horn. How Stuart died will never be known. Probably he was wounded and chased by Indians, and took refuge in the sycamore tree, where he perished.

This unhappy event frightened some of the adventurers, and they returned, leaving the two Boone brothers to face the winter in the wilderness. They built a hut and continued hunting and trapping through the long, cold months. In the spring Squire Boone returned to the Yadkin Valley with the furs and skins which they had accumulated, and Daniel was left alone.

He had neither bread, salt, nor sugar, and no company of any kind, not even a horse or a dog. As far as he knew, he was the only white man in all Kentucky. In after years he confessed to feeling homesick at times, and yearned for his wife and family, but he never gave in. Almost without ammunition, he could not hunt except for the purposes of food, so he spent his time largely in

exploration. To elude the Indians he frequently changed his camp. Sometimes he lived in shelters of bark and boughs, sometimes in caves ; more often he lay down to sleep in a thicket or a cane brake.

Once he saw some Indians walking along the bank of the Ohio, but managed to keep out of sight. Another time, on the Kentucky, he was seen by an Indian who was fishing from a tree overhanging the stream. When telling the story in after years Daniel used to say gravely, "While I was looking at the fellow he tumbled into the river and I saw him no more." You may be sure that it was a shot from Daniel's gun that caused the Indian to tumble into the river. He was afraid that the Indian would reveal his whereabouts, and was therefore obliged to take the man's life in order to save his own.

On another occasion he was suddenly surrounded by Indians. The only way of escape was to leap down a cliff to a bank sixty feet below. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang over the cliff and landed on the top of a small sugar maple. As nimbly as a squirrel he slid down the trunk of the tree, and ran along under the overhanging bank. Then he plunged into the river, and swam into safety.

Once he was very hotly pursued by Indians, and his quick ear told him that his crafty foes had headed him off. Instantly he seized the branch of a grape vine that



hung over the path, and swung himself up into the tree. Safely ensconced amidst the thick boughs, he saw his pursuers pass and repass, but they failed to find his hiding-place. To a man like Daniel Boone these hair-breadth escapes gave a spice of excitement to his solitude.

In the latter part of July his brother Squire joined him with supplies, which enabled them to continue their hunting and exploring for another year. When winter approached, Squire returned again to the Yadkin, leading two horses well laden with skins for the markets of the east. Then Daniel entered on another period of loneliness, but was again rejoined by his brother for another winter's hunting. Not until the fall of 1773 did Daniel return to his wife and children. Even then he only paid them a flying visit, and almost immediately set out once more. He sold his farm and persuaded five families to join him, and at the head of forty men turned his face towards Kentucky again.

Driving their herds before them, and carrying their household goods with them, the little band, which included wives and children, pushed westward. The Cherokees and Shawnees were now worked up to a high pitch of anger. The war-pipe was sent through the villages, swift runners roused the tribes; tomahawks were dug up, and messages of defiance were sent to Boone and his comrades. Nevertheless, all went well



THE END OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

until the 10th of October. On that day the little band fell into an ambuscade of Indians. Six men of the emigrant party were killed, among them a son of Daniel Boone. The cattle were scattered or destroyed, and the surviving men and women, with the exception of Daniel Boone, lost heart, and made their way to the nearest settlement. Daniel himself went with the retreating party, and accompanied them to the settlements on the Clinch River.

Here he remained biding his time, and waiting for an opportunity of making a fresh attempt to establish a settlement in the new land which he had explored. While he was thus inactive, a message came to him from the Governor of Virginia. Several surveyors who had gone down the Ohio River had lost themselves in the wilderness. Would Daniel Boone follow their trail, find them, and bring them back safely? Certainly. The expedition was after his own heart. With a single companion he set off on a long, long trail, through hundreds of miles of trackless forest. After many weary months, and innumerable adventures, the surveyors were found and restored to their friends.

The governor was greatly pleased at Boone's success, and the fame of his exploit travelled far and wide. It came to the ears of Colonel Henderson, a land speculator, who now engaged Daniel to make a settlement to the

south of the Kentucky River. At the head of thirty of the best backwoodsmen in the country, Daniel led the settlers to their new homes. In command of the advance guard, he marked a path through the forest to the Kentucky River, and at Big Lick laid the foundations of a town which was called, in his honour, Boonesborough. The march was not accomplished without much difficulty. One night the Indians attacked the party, killed a negro, and wounded two other men. All difficulties, however, were overcome, and a settlement was at last planted in the heart of the beautiful land of Kentucky.

Felix Walker, one of the pioneers, has left us an account of this expedition. He says, "On entering the plain we saw a very interesting and romantic sight. A number of buffaloes of all sizes, supposed to be between two and three hundred in number, made off from every lick—that is, salt spring—in all directions, some running, some walking, others loping slowly and carelessly, with their young calves playing, skipping, and bounding over the plain. Such a sight some of us never saw before, nor perhaps ever may see again."

The new town was, of course, very small and very primitive. It consisted of a fort and a few cabins "strung along the river bank." Long before the fort was completed Henderson arrived with thirty more men



and wagons loaded with goods and tools. He arrived at Boonesborough on the 20th of April, and was received with a salute from twenty-five guns. A meeting was called under a big elm, a form of government was decided on for the new colony, and everything looked very promising. By the end of June, Daniel started off east again to fetch his wife and family. He had by this time accomplished the great work of his life. Kentucky was open to the white man.

4. Indian Warfare.

Boone settles in Kentucky—His daughter kidnapped—Ambushed—In the nick of time—Cool bravery—Indian attacks—A wedding—Relief.

To his friends of the Yadkin Valley Boone painted Kentucky in glowing colours. The consequence was that when his wife and family were ready to set out twenty young men of the neighbourhood volunteered to accompany them. So saying good-bye to their friends and kinsmen, the pioneers began their journey. Boone's wife and daughter were the first white women who freely and of their own accord set foot in Kentucky.

Boone was now in the heyday of life, strong, fearless, tireless, a keen hunter, and a cool and calculating warrior. As he led his comrades through the almost interminable forest they had ample opportunities of observing what a master of woodcraft he was. He read the forest like a book. A faint imprint on the moss, the discoloured water at a spring, a broken bough by the side of the path, the rubbed bark on a tree trunk—all these were signs which had a world of meaning for him.

Daniel Boone was a prince of scouts. No sign or

sound missed his eyes or ears. He could imitate the chatter of a squirrel or the gobbling of a wild turkey better than any Indian alive, and there was no trick of the forest which was not child's play to him. He seemed to scent the presence of Indians as if by magic, and he knew their modes of thought so well that he could foretell their plans and movements to a nicety. No man was better equipped for the work which he believed himself to be cut out for—"the settlement of the wilderness."

Boonesborough was reached safely, and white men soon began to flock to Kentucky. New posts were continually being established, and Daniel Boone was the chosen leader in this work. It was indeed a fair land to which he had brought his friends. There were forests and glades and winding rivers, hills and valleys, meadow and prairie, grass land and corn-brake. The soil was very fertile, and game of all sorts abounded. It was literally a land flowing with milk and honey.

In the midst of this smiling plenty a dark cloud descended. The war of the American Revolution broke out. The American colonists, angered at the attempt of the mother country to impose taxation on them, "cut the painter," and revolted from the British crown. A British army was sent across the Atlantic, and kinsman fought against kinsman. The Indians were enlisted in the fight ;

they were armed with good rifles, and they now proceeded to pay off old scores by carrying fire and slaughter along the frontier. They were more savage and implacable than ever.

On Sunday the 17th of July 1776 Boonesborough was in a terrible state of alarm. Men stood to their guns, and women and children, with drawn faces, gathered into little terror-stricken groups. What had happened? Jemima Boone, a girl of fourteen, and two girl friends, Betsey and Fanny Calloway, were missing. They had last been seen paddling a canoe alone on the river. They had ventured into a part of the stream where the current ran swiftly, and had soon lost control of their frail craft. Suddenly, as they swept near the northern bank of the stream, about a quarter of a mile from the settlement, five Shawnee braves, who were hiding in the bushes, waded into the water, seized the girls, and carrying them ashore disappeared into the woods. The screams of the girls were heard in the settlement; the danger that beset them was awful to contemplate. Every child on the frontier knew the fate that was in store for them.

The settlers seized their guns, mounted their horses, and under Colonel Calloway, the father of two of the captured girls, dashed off in pursuit. They spurred their horses to the bank of a river which lay between the Shawnees and



their villages, in the hope of cutting off the Indians. Daniel Boone put himself at the head of the footmen, and in less time than it takes to tell was on the track of the fleeing savages.

After their first alarm the captured girls recovered their self-possession, and did everything in their power to help their relatives and friends to follow them. They secretly scattered broken twigs along the path; they trod heavily, so that their footmarks could be traced; they dropped scraps of clothing as they were hurried along by their fierce captors. Night and day for forty-eight hours Boone and his comrades followed the Indians, every hour drawing nearer and nearer to them. At last, thirty-five miles from Boonesborough, the savages were overtaken; Boone and his men dashed on the Indians, and recovered the girls unharmed. Two of the Shawnees were killed, and the rest fled. Calloway's horsemen returned without a sight of the foe.

You can picture for yourselves the joyful march to Boonesborough. Long before the thirty-five miles of the return journey were covered, swift runners had carried the glad news to the settlers in their fort. Tears were dried, sad hearts were happy once more, and all sorts of joyful preparations were made to welcome those who had thus been snatched out of the very jaws of suffering worse than death. You can easily imagine the ringing cheers



A FIGHT WITH THE SHAWNEES.

and the salvos of gun-fire that greeted the victors as they entered the gate of the fort.

But with the return of the girls all anxiety did not disappear ; all through the summer and autumn the settlers had to be constantly on the *qui vive*. Again and again they had to fly to the fort for shelter ; again and again they had to beat off fierce attacks. The women were as brave as the men ; they loaded the rifles and kept good watch. Some of them were excellent shots, and all were prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Nevertheless, some of the outlying stations had to be abandoned.

Early in the next year the Indians grew more warlike and attacks increased. There were only a hundred and fifty white men fit for duty in the whole of Kentucky, but these were organized into troops. Daniel Boone became their captain, and was very active in the work of policing the district. Several of the stations were besieged, and sometimes the siege lasted for days.

The Indian method of attacking a fort was usually like this. The braves would conceal themselves in the neighbourhood, hiding behind trees, stumps, bushes, hillocks, or stones. A large party would gather in a particular spot, and others would make a feigned attack on the fort from another quarter. These men would fire arrows with blazing tow into the fort, in the hope of setting it on fire. Then they

would pretend to retreat, and it often happened that the settlers sallied forth to pursue their assailants. This was the moment for which the party in ambush had been waiting. They would suddenly leap up from their hiding places and dash into the weakened fort, where they would tomahawk and scalp the defenders, drive off the horses and cattle, and loot the whole place.

The fields round the fort would be ruined, and the outlying cabins would be burnt down, the roads by which relief could come being guarded by ambushes. Every crafty trick of forest warfare was practised. The settlers in time learned to fight the Indians with their own weapons. They became just as crafty, just as keen-eyed and quick-witted as their savage foes, and, it must be added, just as cruel as well. They seldom showed mercy.

In the last week of April, while Boone and a man named Kenton were heading a sortie against a party of Shawnees who were attacking Boonesborough, they stumbled into an ambuscade. Boone's ankle was shattered by a rifle shot, and he fell. A Shawnee rushed upon him with uplifted tomahawk, and it seemed that Daniel's earthly career was on the point of ending. Kenton, however, shot the savage, lifted Daniel on to his shoulder, and thus hampered, and with only one arm free, desperately fought his way back to the fort. As Daniel lay on his couch receiving the rude medical attentions of a comrade,



he said to Kenton, "Well, Simon, you have behaved like a man to-day. Indeed you are a fine fellow." That was all the recognition which this gallant deed received.

In our days Kenton would have been decorated with the Victoria Cross or its equivalent. In those years of daily anxiety and constant warfare such incidents were almost too common for notice. No one boasted of his deeds. Boone himself said so little about his feats of arms that there are not many anecdotes about him for which we have his own authority.

One incident, however, must be recorded. One day while Daniel was walking alone in the forest he met two savages who raised their rifles to fire at him. The rifles of those days were flint lock weapons, and there was a moment's pause between the striking of the flint and the discharge of the gun. Immediately Daniel noticed the flash of the first savage's rifle, he flung himself aside, and thus escaped the bullet. This manœuvre he repeated with the second Indian. Then he calmly shot one Indian dead, closed with the other, received the blow of his enemy's tomahawk on the barrel of his rifle, and plunged his long hunting knife into the man's heart. This feat is commemorated by a statue placed above the south door of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington.

We must, however, return to our story. Boone was now incapacitated, and several months elapsed before

he was able to get about again. From his couch he directed the defence of Boonesborough, and organized scouting parties to keep the neighbourhood clear. How he must have fretted at the wound which tied him by the leg, when every rifle on the frontier was urgently needed ! How ardently he must have longed for the day when he would be able to take the field once more !

The settlement of Harrodsburg was more often attacked than Boonesborough, though sometimes both places suffered a simultaneous assault, in order to prevent the men of one place from helping those of the other. "At both stations the women soon became the equal of the men, fearlessly taking turns at the portholes, from which little puffs of white smoke would follow the sharp rifle-cracks whenever a savage head revealed itself from behind bush or tree. When not on duty as marksmen, the women were melting their pewter plate into bullets, loading the rifles and handing them to the men, caring for the wounded, and cooking whatever food might be obtainable. During a siege food was gained only by stealth and at great peril. Some brave volunteer would escape into the woods by night, and after a day spent in hunting far away from hostile camps, would return, if possible under cover of the darkness, with what game he could find. It was a time to make heroes or cowards of either men or women ; there was no middle course."

Amidst this savage and relentless warfare the settlements of Kentucky struggled on. Little progress could be made with agriculture, for half the men of a settlement were always under arms as guards or scouts, while the others ploughed and planted patches of corn within sight of the fort. Sometimes the Indians would suddenly swoop down on the labourers in the fields in spite of guards and sentinels. Then the fathers and mothers of the settlement would be called together to bury the mangled remains of one of their number. Perhaps before the funeral was quite over they would have to rush to the portholes to beat off a fresh attack.

Still, in spite of all this anxiety and suffering, there were red-letter days in the history of the settlements. One of these occurred at Boonesborough in August 1776, when Betsey Calloway, one of the girls captured by the Shawnees, was married to Samuel Henderson, one of her rescuers. Daniel Boone, who was justice of the peace for the settlement, married the happy pair, and there was much merriment in the fort at the close of the day.

Thus passed the summer. Soon after the wedding a relief party consisting of a hundred militiamen from the Virginia frontier arrived, and a little later forty-eight horsemen came riding in from Daniel Boone's old home on the Yadkin. Boonesborough had now a little army, and the Shawnees, seeing the white men riding boldly

out of their fortress gate, thought discretion the better part of valour, and fled into Ohio to tell their fellows that the Pale-faces were after them in overwhelming strength. Other Virginians also arrived, bringing with them supplies of powder and lead.

Thus recruited, the settlers were no longer on the defence, but were able to go in search of their foes. A vigorous campaign took place, and every savage seen was killed at sight. Boonesborough now had a term of peace, but its hardships were far from ended. Only a little corn had been grown, and the cattle had nearly all been captured. In December, news was sent to Virginia that the settlement had only two months' supply of bread for two hundred women and children, many of whom were widows and orphans.

5. Captured by Indians.

At the salt lick—Caught by the Indians—Daniel in a tight place—Life or death—Joins the Shawnees, and becomes the adopted son of Black Fish—Life in an Indian village—Goes to Detroit—Running the gauntlet—The madman's escape—Boone's deliverance—A long, long trail—Boonesborough at last.

I HAVE already explained the word *lick* as meaning a salt spring. Men and animals cannot live without salt, and Kentucky is rich in it. This wealth of salt springs explains the large numbers of wild animals to be found within the bounds of Kentucky. The buffalo, the deer, and other wild creatures used to make pilgrimages from far and wide to the salt licks, and the hunter who lay in wait for them at the springs was sure of a good bag. The Kentuckians required salt not only for mixing with their food, but for curing their game and preserving it for times of scarcity.

The Indian outbreaks had made the road to the salt licks very dangerous. Nevertheless, because salt was necessary, the dangers had to be faced. In January 1778 Boone with thirty companions set off with salt kettles packed on the backs of horses to Lower Blue Licks, there to make salt for the settlement. Lower Salt Licks was

safely reached, and much salt was made. Several horse-loads of salt were dispatched to Boonesborough, and the men were waiting for a second company to come and relieve them.

Daniel, as captain of the party, did not busy himself in salt-boiling, but in the more congenial work of scouting for Indians and hunting. One evening early in February he was returning to camp with a packhorse laden with buffalo meat and beaver skins when he was overtaken by a blinding snowstorm. Suddenly in the midst of the storm four Shawnees sprang out of an ambush. Daniel at once took to his heels. Being a fleet runner he hoped to outdistance his pursuers; but in vain—they caught him and took him prisoner.

He was hurried to the Shawnee camp, a few miles distant, and there found himself surrounded by a hundred and twenty braves, under the leadership of a chief known as Black Fish. Amongst the Indians were two Frenchmen and two white renegades named James and George Girty. These treacherous fellows had joined the Indians, had married Indian wives, and were even more fierce and bloodthirsty than the savages with whom they dwelt. Indians and renegades alike knew Daniel Boone and feared him. He could beat them at their own game, and he was, therefore, a prize indeed. Amongst his captors were the Shawnees who had seized him eight years ago.



They laughed with huge glee to think that he was in their hands once more.

The savages undoubtedly admired Boone, and they pretended to give him the welcome of a friend. They shook hands warmly with him, called him "brother," and in other ways showed great civility, while Boone pretended to be equally pleased to see them. They told him they were going to attack Boonesborough, and that he should lead them. First, however, he was to make his fellow salt-makers surrender.

Daniel was in a very tight place indeed. He knew that the fort was weak and that the war-party of Indians numbered five times as many as the men of the garrison. His policy was to delay the Indians as much as possible, so he promised his captors to persuade his comrades at the salt lick to surrender, if they, in their turn, would promise to do them no harm. Then, speaking with great persuasiveness, he advised them to wait until the spring before attacking Boonesborough. The weather, he said, would be warmer, and they could attack the fort without hardship and carry off the women and children more readily. Boone assured them that he and his people would be quite content to move north with them and become members of their tribe. Even if the Indians were not willing to adopt them, they could carry them to Detroit, where the British general would give them

£20 for each person, always supposing they were alive and well.

The Indians thought that this was very reasonable, and they agreed to follow Boone's advice. He led them to the salt licks, where he persuaded his comrades to yield and accompany the savages. They grumbled a good deal, but finally gave way. "You will at least," he said, "save the lives of your families at Boonesborough by doing as I advise you." Thereupon, the twenty-seven men now remaining at the salt camp yielded. Boone soon found, however, that the word of a Shawnee was not altogether trustworthy. Some of the Indians wanted to torture and kill their captives, but this Black Fish, who was a fine type of savage, refused to permit.

A palaver was held, and for two hours the question was debated. Boone was allowed to address the council, his words being interpreted by a negro named Pompey, who was a member of the tribe. The voting was close : fifty-nine were for killing all the prisoners except Boone, and sixty-one were for mercy. The captives were thus spared, but their guns, knives, and axes were taken from them. Then the march northwards commenced.

Each night the captives were bound and closely watched lest they should escape. The weather was bitterly cold, the snow was deep, and game was scarce. Frequently they suffered from hunger, and had to

support life on elm bark. When the Ohio was reached the river was crossed in a boat made of buffalo hides stretched across a large wooden frame. Then the trail leading to the Shawnee lodges was struck, and on the tenth day after the capture the first village was reached.

From this place the prisoners were taken on to the largest town of the Shawnees, where great rejoicings were held. Black Fish adopted Boone as his son, and gave him the name of Big Turtle, probably because of his broad, sturdy build. Most of the other settlers, however, refused to be adopted. The chief and his squaw showed their new son much kindness, and did all that they could for his comfort. He was free to move about as he wished ; nevertheless, a strict watch was kept upon him night and day to prevent his escape.

The wigwams of the Indians were crowded and filthy, but there was abundance of food, and though it was coarsely cooked and served, the frontiersmen were accustomed to such fare. Still, there were great discomforts to be endured. There was no privacy ; the insects were a torment ; the blinding smoke of the lodge fire was irritating ; and the continual yelping of the dogs and the quarrelling of the women were annoying. Nevertheless, Boone pretended to appear happy, in order that he might disarm suspicion.

He whistled and sang at his tasks, and took the

utmost pains to learn everything he could of the manners and customs of his captors. When he went hunting he shared his game with his "father," and in every possible way tried to appear contented. At the shooting matches he took care not to carry off the palm. He shot just well enough to earn the applause of the braves, but not so well as to make them jealous. All the time he was watching and listening, trying his hardest to learn all about the threatened attack on Boonesborough, and secretly planning escape when the favourable moment should arrive.

Towards the end of March, Black Fish took the settlers who had refused to join the tribe to Detroit, for the purpose of securing the bounty paid by the British governor for them. During the march, Boone's white companions were badly treated. They were frequently whipped, and were forced to "run the gauntlet" more than once. Perhaps you would like to know what sort of an ordeal this was. Two lines of Indians formed up at regular distances on either side of a path, and the prisoner was forced to run between the lines. Every Indian as he passed showered blows upon him with a stick, club, or tomahawk. Many white captives were lamed for life before they reached the end of the line, and some were killed outright.

Early in his captivity Boone had been forced to run

the gauntlet, but thanks to his agility he had not suffered much. He ran in a dodging, zigzag course, leaping from side to side, and by sheer nimbleness eluded the blows aimed at him. He did not let his tormentors have it all their own way. Using his head as a battering-ram he toppled over several of the warriors, and in this way reached the end of the line with only a few bruises.

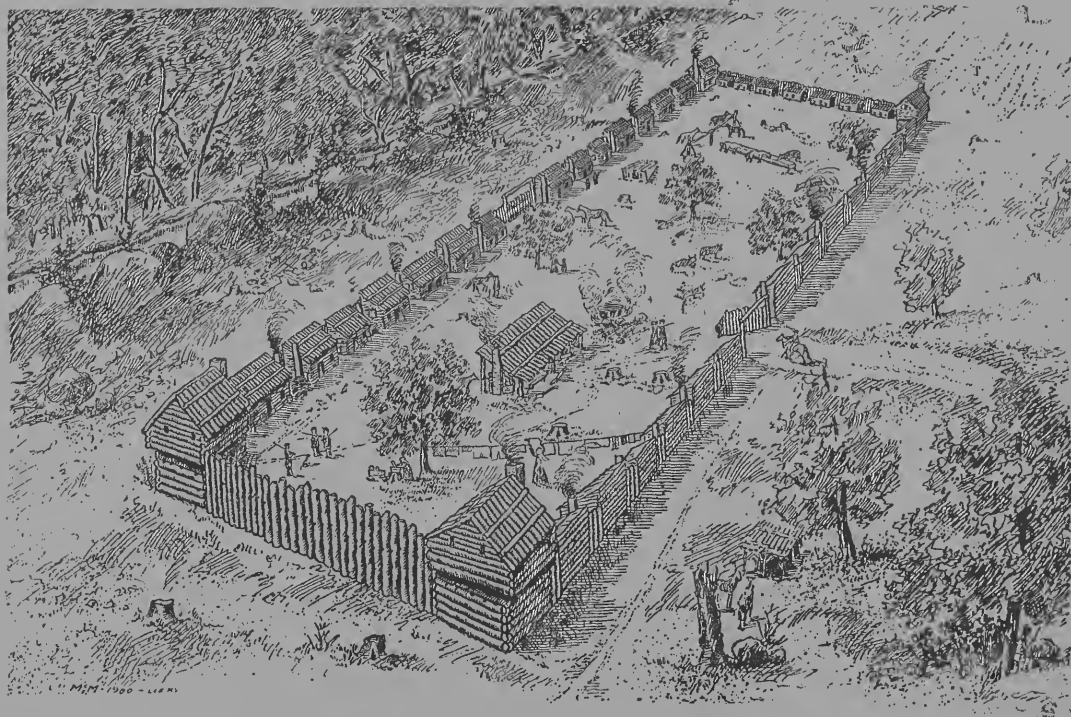
Boone accompanied his comrades to Detroit, and there saw the British governor. Years before Daniel had received a commission from the British Government as captain of militia, and this he always carried about with him in a leather bag slung round the neck. He showed the commission to the British governor, and said that he was prepared to surrender the people of Boonesborough and bring them to Detroit, where they might live under British protection. This greatly pleased the governor, who offered Black Fish £100 for Daniel's ransom. Black Fish, however, was not to be bribed ; he said that he loved his "son" too much to part with him. As a matter of fact, Black Fish needed him as his guide on the Boonesborough expedition. The governor had to let Daniel return with the chief, but on leaving he gave him a pony, saddle, bridle, and blanket, as well as a supply of silver trinkets with which he could buy necessities from the Indians.

The war-party now began to assemble. Runners carried the war-pipe through the villages, and the Shawnees, Delawares, and Mingoes began to flock together. Preparations were hurried on, and for a very good reason. Amongst the few settlers who had been adopted into the tribe was one Andrew Jackson, a very 'cute backwoodsman who pretended to be mad. He played the fool amongst the Indians to such purpose that they actually believed him to be out of his mind and not worth watching. While Black Fish was away at Detroit Jackson managed to escape, and was now on his way to Kentucky with the news of the coming attack. On his arrival at Boonesborough Jackson led several raids on the Shawnee villages, and managed to secure both scalps and horses. "Scalping" was now a common practice with the frontiersmen.

On the 16th of June, while Black Fish and his men were boiling salt at a lick, Daniel effected the escape which he had so long planned. He was watched as usual, but a huge flock of wild turkeys happening to appear, all eyes were directed to the heavens. This was Daniel's chance. He darted into the brushwood, and concealed himself so effectively that no one could find him. As soon as the coast was clear he pushed on with all speed for Boonesborough. One hundred and sixty miles of wilderness lay before him, but that was not an

impossible journey for a man of Daniel's endurance and courage. In four days—during which time he had but one meal—he reached home and staggered in at the gate of the fort.

It was as though one had risen from the dead. He had long been given up, and his wife, thinking herself a widow, had returned with her younger children to her relatives in the Yadkin Valley. His brother Squire, and his daughter Jemima, now married to Colonel Calloway's son, were in Boonesborough, and they greeted the returned wanderer with the utmost joy. During his absence the fort had been hard pressed, and had only just managed to stave off the frequent attacks of the Indians. Daniel Boone's return in this miraculous way was a message of hope and cheer to the weary and anxious settlers. Once more they were under the leadership of the most renowned Indian fighter of his day.



BOONESBOROUGH FORT.

6. The Siege of Boonesborough.

Parleys—The attack—Ten anxious, weary days—The Indians beaten off—Court-martialled but honourably acquitted—Misfortunes—Latter days of Daniel Boone—His death—Twenty-five years later.

THERE was no rest for Daniel. The Indians were hard on his trail; they might appear any moment, and every hour was precious. The fort needed strengthening, and all hands were soon at work putting palisades, gates, and block-houses in order, and making provision for the siege. Ten days went by, and the little garrison anxiously awaited the coming of the Indians.

Except when retreating, Indians are never in a hurry. They make a very leisurely march, and waste much time in palavers. As the foe did not appear, Daniel began to grow tired of being cooped up in the fort, and proposed a scouting expedition for the purpose of discovering the whereabouts of the advancing war-party. At the head of thirty men he plunged into the forest, and returned home after a week's absence with the news that the enemy was encamped at Lower Blue Licks, only a short journey from Boonesborough.

About ten o'clock next morning (September 7) the Indians appeared. They numbered four hundred, and were accompanied by forty French-Canadians, all under the command of Boone's "father," the chief Black Fish. Pompey, the negro, was sent forward to hold a parley, and Boone took care that the negotiations should be continued as long as possible. Black Fish appeared to be greatly distressed at what he called the ingratitude of his "son," and wept copious tears, especially when Daniel got tired of arguing, and informed him that there would be no surrender, but that every man in the fort would fight to the death.

There was a final interview, which was held in front of the fort. While the talk was going on the Indians suddenly tried to seize the white men. Knives were drawn, tomahawks were flourished, and bullets flew about. Only with difficulty did the white men gain the shelter of the fort. Daniel Boone and his brother Squire were wounded in the fray. Once the fort was reached the great gate was closed and barred, and the siege began.

Before I describe this most remarkable incident of savage warfare, let me tell you something about the fort itself. The picture on page 58 will help you to realize its main features. It was a parallelogram in shape, and covered three-quarters of an acre. The site had not been well chosen, for there was abundant cover for the enemy

under the high banks of the river hard by and the branch of the salt lick. The hills in the neighbourhood enabled spies to ascertain all that was going on inside the fort, and also to drop an occasional shot amongst the cattle and horses sheltered within. Further, the trees, stumps, bushes, and rocks around the fort had not been cleared away, and these furnished lurking places for the foe.

Black Fish tried every artifice of warfare known to him. Again and again his men threw torches and lighted fagots on the roofs of the cabins in the hope of setting them on fire. Happily the rains which fell every night made the wood wet, and so frustrated their efforts. Direct attempts to scale the palisades were made at night. What a scene! The naked Indians clambering up the wooden walls, the flash of guns from the loopholes, the glare of torches, the yells and war-whoops of the savages, the shouts of the defenders, the screams of the women, the howling of dogs, and the bellowing of the frightened cattle. Not for a moment did the vigilance of the little garrison slacken. Though the result often hung in the balance, no living Indian got inside the fort. Misfortune dogged the besiegers. They actually dug a tunnel from the river banks in the hope of blowing up the walls. When it was more than half completed, the heavy rains caused the earth to cave in, and thus put an end to their daring plan.

On the morning of Friday, after a ten days' siege, the Indians silently and suddenly disappeared in the forest. Boonesborough was saved, after having suffered the most severe attack ever made on a frontier post. It was too hard a nut for the Indians to crack. Four hundred and forty of them had been beaten off by sixty white men, forty of whom were alone capable of bearing arms. Two had been killed and four wounded, while the enemy had lost thirty-seven killed outright and many incapacitated. Outside the walls Boone's men picked up no less than a hundred and twenty-five pounds of flattened bullets that had been fired against the palisades. There was not an exposed part of the stronghold that was not studded with bullets.

A company of militia arrived soon after, and the Indians were swept out of the district. Then followed a time of bitter humiliation for Daniel. He was tried by court-martial, the chief charges brought against him being that he had surrendered his men to the Indians at Blue Licks, and that he had promised the British governor to surrender Boonesborough, and to remove the settlers to Detroit, where they would be under British protection. Daniel defended himself bravely, and maintained that all along he had acted for the best and in the interests of the settlers. He pointed out that he was obliged to use trickery in order to deceive



the Indians and their allies, and that by this means he had been able to save Boonesborough. Not only was he honourably acquitted, but was promoted to be major. There was great rejoicing at this happy issue of the trial.

Daniel, or, to give him his proper title, Major Daniel Boone, now returned to the Yadkin and sought out his family. What a home-coming that was! The mother and children received him as one risen from the grave. Old family ties were knitted up, and the little log cabin was suddenly changed from a place of mourning into a house of joy. With his wife and children he remained for some time, taking a much-needed rest.

And now I must draw this story to a close. I am sorry to say that the latter days of Daniel Boone were not so bright as they ought to have been. Lawsuits were brought against him, and he lost his land. He who was more than a match for any Indian in the forest, was but a troubled and bewildered child in the tangled mazes of the law. The loss of his land broke his heart. He was an old man; he had fought a long and hard fight, and now he found himself homeless and penniless.

Once more he shouldered his rifle and took to the woods, where he wandered on and on, until he came to the site of the present city of St. Louis, where he made a settlement, and by doing so obtained a grant

of ten thousand acres of land. Some years later much of this land was also wrested from him by legal jugglery.

At eighty years of age he was still a hunter and a trapper. Regularly every autumn, with an Indian servant, he went in pursuit of deer, turkey, elk, and beaver. For years he kept a coffin under his bed, so that all might be in readiness when he came to die. His friends noticed that, in spite of all his sorrows and disappointments, he remained as sweet and gentle as of old. On the 6th of September 1820 this grand old man passed away peacefully in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Twenty-five years after his death the people of Kentucky realized what they owed to poor Daniel Boone. A law was passed that his body and that of his faithful wife should be moved from Missouri and laid to rest hard by the stockade where he had fought and toiled as a heroic pioneer. Garlanded with flowers, the coffins were brought to Frankfort, and interred with great honour amidst the noise of speeches and celebrations. Daniel Boone sleeps his last sleep in the land which he laboured to win. So ends the story of a lovable and picturesque hero, hunter, scout, Indian fighter, and true MAN.

THE END.

